

# MISCELLANY

## Going to Sleep.

The light is fading down the sky,  
The shadows grow and multiply,  
I hear the thrushes' evening song;  
But I have borne with toil and wrong  
So long, so long!  
Dim dreams my drowsy senses drown—  
So, darling, kiss my eyelids down!  
My life's brief spring went wasted by—  
My summer ended fruitlessly;  
I longed to hunger, strive and wait—  
I found you, love—oh! happy fate!  
So late, so late!  
Now all my fields are turning brown—  
So, darling, kiss my eyelids down!  
Oh! blessed sleep! oh! perfect rest!  
Thus pillow'd on your faithful breast,  
Nor life nor death is wholly dear,  
O, tender heart, since you are here,  
So dear, so dear!  
Sweet love! my soul's sufficient crown!  
Now, darling, kiss my eyelids down!

**THE WAY THAT SCANDAL GOES.**—An English paper contains the following, which should go the rounds: A wise man gave his friend this advice: If you take a house in a terrace a little way out, of town, be careful to select the centre one—because a story never loses by telling; and if you live in the middle house, tales which might be circulated to your prejudice will only have half the distance to travel that they would if you lived at either extreme, and so you will have twice as good a character as those residing at either end. The following fact will prove the wisdom of my advice: The servant at No. 1 told the servant at No. 2, that her master expected his old friends the Baileys to pay him a visit shortly; No. 2 told No. 3 that No. 1 expected to have the bailiffs in his house every day; No. 3 told No. 4 that it was with No. 1, for he could not keep the bailiffs out; and No. 4 told No. 5 that the officers were after No. 1, and that it was as much as he could do to prevent the levy of an execution in his house, and that it was nearly killing his poor dear wife! And so it went on increasing until it got to No. 32, who confidentially assured No. 33 that the Bay street officers had taken up the gentleman at No. 1 for killing his poor dear wife with arsenic, and that it was confidentially hoped and expected that he would be executed.

**A MATRIMONIAL INCONSTANCY.**—A queer instance in illustration of this vice has recently been brought to light in a neighboring town. A married woman moving in high circles, left her home one evening last week, and taking a conveyance to a hotel in the rural districts, was soon joined by an unfaithful husband, who ought to have been at home taking care of his own family, instead of engaging in intimate companionship with those outside of his own household. The couple ordered a room together, representing themselves as husband and wife. At a later hour the same night a carriage drove up to the door of the hotel with another couple, who engaged lodgings in an adjoining chamber. All passed off quietly enough until the next morning, when the two couples were summoned to the breakfast table. There they met when—lo and behold!—there was a mere change of partners, each gentleman having upon his arm the wife of the other! Although there was mutual blushing, mental cursing and recrimination, it was deemed best, after a sober, second thought, to let the matter rest as quietly as possible, but the coincidence was a too remarkable one to avoid the ear of the over-curious.

[Lowell (Mass.) News.]

**A VENERABLE NEGRO.**—A late number of the St. Louis Evening News says: "The oldest colored man in the State reported at the Central Station, this morning, that he had been robbed of a watch which he had carried for thirty years. Jones will be one hundred years old on the first of January next. He remembers the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown; his master, Col. Simms, who owned several plantations and six hundred slaves, being present at the surrender. Jones has ploughed the glebe with Henry Clay in the 'Slashes of Hanover.' When Aaron Burr was tried at Richmond, he ran away to get a sight at him, and got one of the most devilish whippings for it he ever received. When Admiral Cockburn sailed with his fleet up the Chesapeake Bay, he sent word to Richmond that he would be there next day to dine. The chivalry went out to meet him. Jones marched out with Andrew J. Stevenson, who commanded the 'foot artillery.' William Wirt was Captain of the 'flying artillery,' and Robert Gamble of the 'troopers.' Jones shook hands with Lafayette, and now has lost his watch."

## President Johnson as a Tailor.

A correspondent of the New York Herald writes from Greenville, Tennessee:

"Mine host" of the hotel had been a "brother chip," and worked upon the tailor bench with President Johnson in days long syne, and I obtained from him some valuable information concerning "A. Johnson, Tailor," which sign—a fac simile of the old one which was sent to the Chicago Sanitary Fair—now hangs over the door. The old gentleman's story concerning our President, runs thus: There was a vast difference between Andy and I when we worked on the same bench. I could spell B-a-k-e-r, and he could not; but he could "flax" me on a pair of breeches or a fine coat, and could get a better price for his work than I. He never made a garment that didn't fit, and never had a job returned. He was the best tailor I have ever met. When Andy got married he hadn't ten dollars in the world, and his wife was as poor as Naomi's daughter. Her mother said to her before she was married, (calling her by name,) "I can give you all the money there is in the house—fifteen dollars—to help you about going to house-keeping; or I will take the money and give a wedding—which will you prefer?" "Mother," said she, "I will take the wedding, and Andy and I'll work for money—won't we?" appealing to her lover. He assented, and the consequence was that the young couple had not one cent with which to "set up" for themselves. After they were married she taught him to read, and the world knows the rest, said the old man with a sigh of relief, as he stroked down his sandy wig, and puffed away at his old clay pipe. Oh, wonderful plebian, it is a long and rugged road that leads from the tailor's bench, in Greenville, to the Presidential Chair, at Washington; but that wonderful trip through Cumberland Gap has told its tale.

## RESIDENCE OF ANDY JOHNSON, THE TAILOR.

The old residence of President Johnson stands on the main street, only a few rods from the hotel. We walked down and surveyed its outward structure, though we did not enter, as it has been prostituted to the most vile purposes since the rebellion. It is a simple brick house, two stories high, with an L extending back, with a porch on one side. Very like other houses where destined Presidents have never lived. It being, however, the place where President Johnson had made his struggle for greatness, I had a desire to see it, and have given my readers the benefit of my short visit.

## THE TAILOR'S SHOP.

The place where the famous knight of the scissors held forth was the next thing that attracted my curiosity, and so I went to see that. "A. Johnson, Tailor," painted in crude letters, on imitation of the original, said Eureka to me, and I stopped before the magic symbols, gazing intently on the little eight by ten frame building. It was plebian in the extreme, built very much in the style of a farmer's smoke house, of rough weather-boarding, whitewashed. On the other end the boards are torn off in places, and the chimney is tumbling to decay. An old negro, raised by President Johnson, and assuming his name, is the sole occupant of the building, and he is the successor in business of "A. Johnson, Tailor." He says, "Massa Johnson been in de trade de bes tailor in dese daggins." President Johnson's first public office was Mayor of Greenville.

**THE TABLES TURNED.**—A letter from Beaufort, S. C., says Dr. Sams, who owned "Oakland," on St. Helena Island, has returned and lives in one of the deserted negro cabins. One of his former slaves lives in the mansion house, which he bought of the United States Tax Commissioner; the Doctor tried to get a room in the house, but Harry would not suffer him to occupy any part of it. The building is a poor one; but the cabin where Sams now lives is not as habitable as many Northern pigpens. The former owner of a hundred slaves now lives in an abandoned hotel on the plantation which he once owned. Dr. Clarence Frapp asks the patronage of the people of St. Helena; his card (written by himself) says: "He will be found from 10 a. m. until 5 p. m. at the house of John Major." That John Major was formerly his slave.

[Boston Journal.]

A few weeks ago, a young woman named Mary Scott, about twenty-five years of age, residing in Soho, London, was going down stairs to the kitchen, when her foot caught in her crinoline, and she was precipitated from the top to the bottom of the stairs. She fell on her head, and was killed on the spot.

**MISCEGENATION.**—Strange ideas float through the minds of some of the freedmen and women hereabouts. We had a conversation with a stout colored woman, at present in our employ—one, too, of the very best that we have met with, and she says that the understanding among the black folks all through the country is, that the whites and the blacks are to be forced to marry; the black men to marry our white women, and the white men the black women. "I think," said she, "that Jake will be very much disappointed, as he expected long 'fore this to have been married to a white lady." Jake had been her husband, and had actually abandoned her with the view of marrying a white woman. It seems, from what we could learn, that wags, both Northern and Southern, had been playing off their jokes upon the more gullible of the black people, and the latter, without questioning, accepted the joke as Gospel. The fact is, the general intermarriage of the whites and blacks is, to some extent, believed by the more intelligent class of colored people about town. We heard an intelligent colored woman say that as it was now lawful for whites and blacks to marry, she would marry a white man, as she never "cared much about negroes anyway."

[Shreveport (La.) News.]

**THE WITHDRAWAL OF WIRZ'S COUNSEL.**—Hon. James Hughes, the former counsel for Capt. Wirz, is out in a long letter to the Indianapolis Journal, giving his reasons for his desertion of the Andersonville jailer. He says:

"I did not withdraw from the defence on account of opinions as to the legality of military commissions, or their expediency at this time. I withdrew because I believed that the prisoner could not obtain a fair trial, and I could not secure it for him. I mean to say that if all technical rules of law were thrown aside, Captain Wirz could not, in my opinion, receive before a military commission, subject to orders from the office of the Judge Advocate General, that fair play on the merits of his case, that rough justice which usually characterizes the decisions of the rude and unaltered but equitable frontier men who hold the courts of Judge Lynch in the West. Their proceedings are quite as illegal and irregular as those of the 'regulators,' as they are called in the West, and not half so fair."

**AN EXODUS OF NEGROES.**—Yesterday evening, a procession of negroes marched down Franklin avenue at "charge" step. Inquiring of an old gray-headed darkey the reason of the procession, he informed us that he and his party, consisting of five families, numbering thirty-three adult members, with a miscellaneous quantity of "picaninies," were on their way back to their old homes near Booneville, Missouri, to seek work with their old masters. He said they had been here about two years, and did very well at first, but having found it hard to get work now, and receiving no more government rations, they were fearful they would starve if they remained in the city this winter; but he knew if they could get back to the old farm they could get plenty of "hoe-cake." There were about two hundred other darkies following the "homeward bound," and an inquiry elicited the information that they were nearly all field hands, could get nothing to do here, and would go back to their old homes as soon as they could. —St. Louis Dispatch.

**QUITE CONTRARIWISE.**—We are told that "like cures like." We wish our clever homopaths would invent a much more valuable system to society by which "dislikes should cure dislikes." —Punch.

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Aug 15 46m

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Sept 21 7

[ESTABLISHED IN 1815.]

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